



Come Landlord fill a Flowing Bowl.

J. Catnach, Printer, 2, Monmouth-court, 7 Dials.

COME landlord fill a flowing bowl
Until it does run over,
To-night we will merry be,
To-morrow we'll get sober.

He that drinks strong beer,
And goes to bed mellow,
Lives as he ought to live,
And dies a hearty fellow.

Come landlord, &c.

He that drinks small beer,
Goes to bed sober,
Falls as the leaves do,
That die in October.

Brandy cures the gout,
The colic and the phthisic,
So it is to all men,
The very best of physic.

Come landlord, &c

He that courts a pretty girl,
And courts her for his pleasure,
Is a fool if he marry her,
Without stores or treasure.

So now let us dance and sing,
And drive away all sorrow,